

Pauline Furlong's Talks On Health and Beauty

Diet Carefully, but Do Not Starve Yourself.
HE starvation and mono-diet system followed by many stout women is a very grave mistake, and while short fasts very often benefit the body, they should never be taken except on advice of a competent doctor.

There is a large difference between starvation and fasting, and the former practice always does more harm than good. To fast for several days, that is to live on fresh fruits and light salads, and help rid the body of accumulated waste matter and poisons, frequently proves most beneficial, especially where the common cold is prevalent and constipation persists, but even this should not be tried without the advice of your physician.

Stout women may eat all they want of the right kind of foods, and there is a large variety which does not make fat and still nourishes the blood and tissues. The danger, in even the obesity diet, lies in overeating.

The fact is we all eat too much and too fast, and few of us really masticate our food thoroughly, thus preparing it for the stomach and digestive juices. For this reason short fasts at intervals are beneficial to the much overworked stomach and digestive organs, and from my personal observations they prove much less harmful than the long continued fasts practiced by many persons.

Certain it is that the digestive and eliminative organs are greatly benefited by short fasts, and when they are given a chance and allowed to rest up a bit they seem to do better work for many weeks afterward.

Most of us are convinced that obesity and many other diseases arise from too much food and lack of exercise and the cure lies in removing the cause.

The very best exercise I know of for clogged system and lazy liver is the body or trunk twisting exercise, which consists of standing with the heels together, hands on hips and circling the body around about ten times at each practice, having the movement come entirely from the waist line.

Advice on Courtship and Marriage

By Betty Vincent.

MRS. T. G. of Brooklyn, a wife, writes The Evening World that she is on the verge of taking her own life because her heart is so torn between love for her brother and duty to her husband. Her story is an appealing one. A man and woman have been married twenty-five years. They have a boy in the service abroad. The wife's brother years ago loaned money for the development of the husband's business.

Since then troublous times have come. The husband could not make his business prosper; could not repay the borrowed money, a considerable sum. He began drinking. The brother fell ill, and six months ago came to live with his sister and her husband.

Now the worst has come. The husband wants to put the sick man out of the home. That his wife cannot listen to.

"What shall I do?" she writes. "There has been no quarrel; only an incessant nagging, which has worn me out and is driving me to thoughts of suicide. For I cannot have my brother sent out from this place, alone and ill. My husband has never repaid a penny of the thousands he borrowed of him. My boy, in the service, was literally driven from home by my husband's harshness. Altogether I am desperate and do not know where to turn."

It is too complex a problem for me to answer satisfactorily without knowing more of the facts in the case. I can say, however, there is no conjugal duty that to the enlightened mind should bind a wife to a brutal husband. But there is, of course, much to be said for a woman of mature years to pick up and leave her home permanently and cast about for some means of self-support and some way of assuaging the ache of conscience—for even if she is in the right her conscience will ache, her pity be stirred for the deserted man. The habit of years is strong. Habit alone often makes it well-nigh impossible to sever the ties of an unhappy marriage.

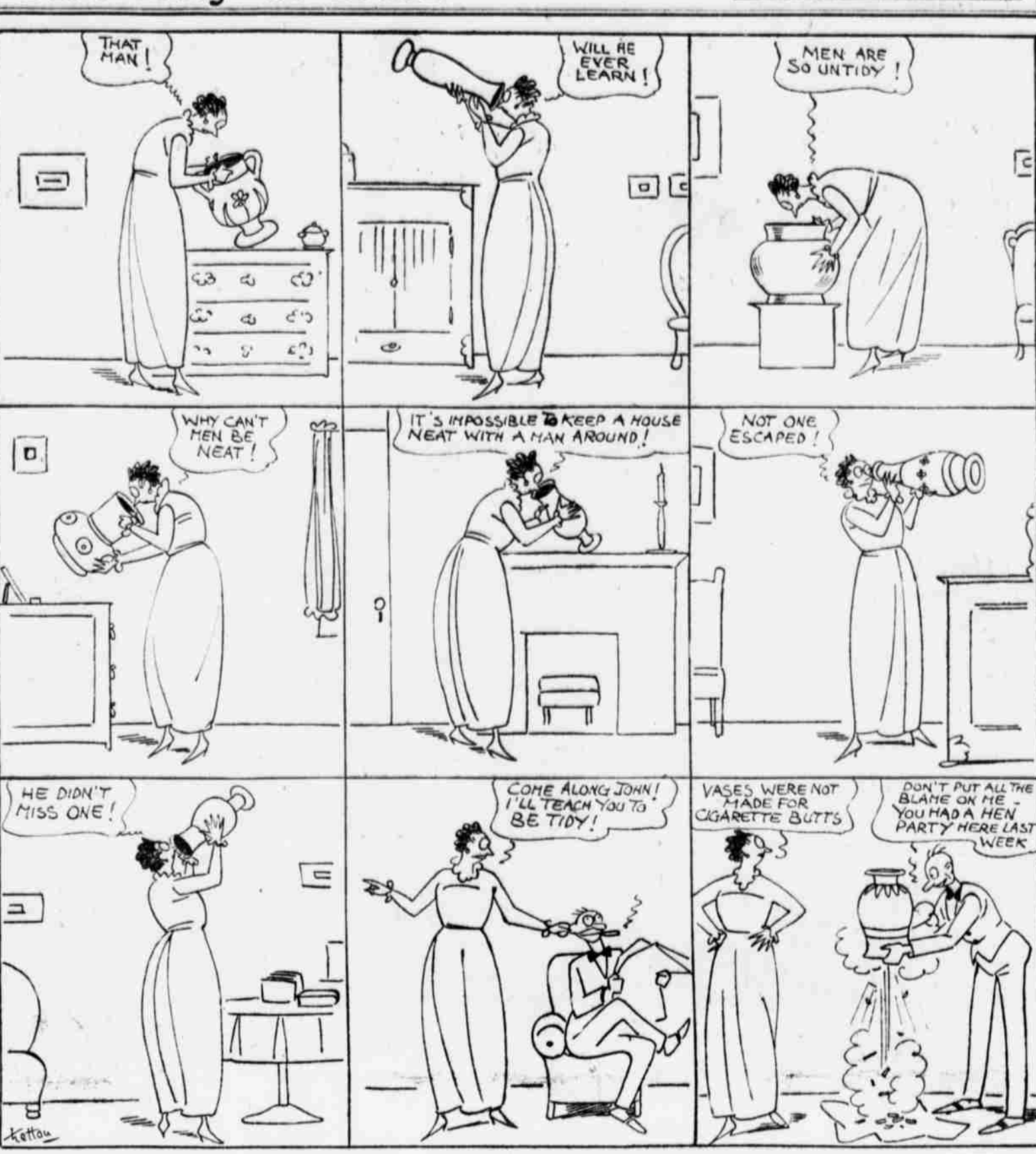
But one thing she can do—no way for a time. I have known many cases where such a leave-taking proved a worker of miracles. It is often the only way to bring a tyrannical person to a sense of his intolerable behavior. Sheer inconvenience does the rest. He has no one to do for him. He realizes what his home has meant, what the loving service of his wife has meant. Solitude impresses the necessity of thinking. Unhappy causes him to cast about for means of retaining things to the old order. And the two, working together, are apt to bring about a readjustment.

If Mrs. T. G. resolves to take this step—to go for a visit to relatives or to take her brother into the country for an indefinite time—let her do it quickly and cleanly. Have little talk about it. Be quiet and firm. Announcement yet can no longer endure things as they are; that you must go away for a time; that you wish to give your husband a chance to get a perspective of the conditions that exist.

And then GO. Do not on any account change your mind, once you have made it up. Do not weaken.

SOMETHING FOR THE ARTIST.
For copying drawing or writing a line has been patented that follows lines to be copied and at the same time a pen.

The Day of Rest



S.O.S. STAND TO!

BY SERGEANT REGINALD GRANT.

The Scotch Cook "Goes West" and the Glamour of His Romance Is Dulled.

8 feet wide and 17 deep, and when we saw it perform this stunt our faculties were for the moment spell-bound, and then we burst into uncontrollable cheering.

From all quarters of the valley soldiers were running to see the absurdly strange sight; it was as if a general fire alarm had been sounded, and everybody hastening to the scene of the conflagration. Passing close by our battery, it paused for a while, and I had the opportunity of giving it the once-over, and then it waddled on its way again. In a few minutes two companion land boats made their debut amongst us; they went over the ridge, rolling down the beaten path, charging the enemy as if it were so much thread and forcing huge gaps for the infantry to pass through, continuing their way peacefully on through the trenches of the enemy, flattening scores of German soldiers under their bulk who were too awe-stricken to move.

Our infantry then took up the beaten path, charging the enemy trenches, and Fritz was an easy prey that morning.

The action on the Somme was well under way when one morning at daybreak, making my way to the cookhouse, I was greeted, "Hello, Grant, how's a' ye, laddie? Ma son's a' ye, laddie? Fine! An' dandified if he isn't a Sergeant!" It was Scotty, reinstated in our unit in his former capacity of cook, and he had brought with him his nerve, his twinkling, his bow legs and all.

We were occupying at this time some splendid dugouts and trenches that we had taken from Fritz; they were made of chalk, as was also the cookhouse. Of our battery of sixteen guns at this point my gun was nearest to the cookhouse, and I was minutely tickled at the prospect of having an opportunity now and again to slip in and have a drink of hot tea, or something of the kind, with my old friend.

That night I dropped in on Scotty and casually remarked that our guns would be better the German fire upon us, as was the usual remark. Scotty's voice quavered. I thought, as he asked me when we would begin, "Oh, in an hour, maybe. Have you got a cup of hot tea, Scotty?" "No, I have not, Grant," he said, "but I'll get it at the proper time and not before."

"Well, of all the..." I couldn't find words, and then I remembered his old-time habit of shiftness, and I made up my mind to keep a sharp lookout, and if I caught him proffering in rations he had saved from the men, I mentally resolved I would show him no mercy.

The following day we got the welcome order of billets. When there the O. C. made an announcement that he would give a prize of 20 francs to the driver of the best pair of mules on inspection day, which was two weeks hence. This was done for the purpose of encouraging the well-being of the animals—a most important factor in our well-being. Scotty's eye to Scotty's eye, he entered into an engagement with one of the drivers that he would feed his mules potato peelings if he would split fifty-fifty with him on the prize. The driver agreed, and a few days later he and his helper appeared at the door of the cook house with one of the mules to get his feed. In order to prevent malingering the feelings at the entrance to the cook house he backed his mule up against the door. In France, as is well known, every farm house has a cesspool in which all manner of refuse is distilled by means of a pump and straw and used to fertilize the soil. These pools are all the way from eight to ten feet deep. Immediately in front of the cook house and the mule was one of these cesspools, our billets being on a farm. It happened that when Scotty was peeling his potatoes he had thrown them so close to the fire that they got thoroughly heated. He hastily gathered them up and threw them in a pan, which he landed to Tompkins, the man who had charge of the mules and who had entered into the agreement with him; the driver was still on the animal's back. When the mule stuck his nose into the hot peeling he jerked backward into the door of the cook house, the driver's back struck the wall of the entrance and he was shot clean off the mule's back, head foremost into the cesspool ten feet away. When I say that the hon-grinding department of a stockyard is a pleasant compared to the odor of the mixture contained in the cesspool some idea will be had of the driver's condition when he was pulled out by Tompkins. In the meantime Scotty was standing in the cook house laughing his sides out at the driver's plight, and he forgot to notice that the mule was backing further and further into the room. Just then Mr. Mule got his foot tangled up in one of the dishes that were lying on the floor and in attempting to kick it off his foot missed Scotty's head by about six inches. Scotty backed up and so did the mule, still kicking, each kick bringing his hoof nearer Scotty's mug. "Take your mug out!" he roared, but they returned the laugh on him and made no move. The next kick brought the hoof and dish within an inch of the cook's skull and in desperation and fear for his life he slid sideways under the mule's belly and just escaped a vicious bite as he was getting out of the door.

Scotty came into the lines with us the following week. I was in charge of a trench mortar, and our duty was to send over eight or ten shells, instantly take the gun to pieces and remove it to another position for the purpose of getting away from the return fire that Fritz was sure to send. When the first ten messages were sent across, I ordered all hands to take their respective parts and carry them to the point designated. I superintending the dismemberment of the gun. When the last man, who happened to be Scotty, had taken away his respective part of the gun, I picked up the range-finder and started for the spot about a hundred yards off the trench. I had scarcely gone ten yards when an ear-splitting roar came hurtling through the air and an explosion followed that made the very earth tremble. I knew it was somewhere in the neighborhood of our selected spot, and I anxiously hastened my steps. I got there to find every man of my gun crew, with one exception, blown to atoms, the exception being Scotty, but he too had paid the supreme price. With the help of another soldier, we carried him to the rear of the cookhouse and covered him with a blanket. When daylight broke, I went over there with a party to give him a decent burial as possible, and the new cook, who was a Scotchman, came out to have a look at the dead man.

"Well, if it isn't Jack Henderson!" he exclaimed.

"Did you know him?" I asked.

"Know him! Why, man, we were bunkers together in Glasgow. I could tell him anywhere by his bow legs, an' he's got a scar on one of them as big as your face!"

"Yes, I know he has, where the shell grazed him at Mons." "Shell grazed him at Mons? Shell, hell! It was a pan of hot dough that fell on his leg in the bake shop, and I'll never forget his yell 'Tae my drin'!"

Original Fashion Design For The Evening World's Home Dressmakers

By Mildred Lodewick
Copyright, 1919, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).
A Business or Street Dress for Spring

IN the spring one simply must appear neat and trim on the street, and therefore no matter how many half-worn frocks one might have left over from the winter, a new one is desired.

This, too, because the strong sunlight of spring reveals in a surprisingly critical way the wear that a frock has had. So, no matter how plain, if the material is new, the style smart and the silhouette slim, a new frock for the spring is the aim of any fastidious woman.

The design offered to-day is admirably appropriate for business wear and could be interpreted in any neutral color or dark blue. It has two distinctive features that raise it above the commonplace, one on the upper portion, where two buttons and eyelets fasten the frock to a stripe silk vest, and the other on the lower portion, where side panels, attached by buttons and eyelets around the hip line, are confined at the lower edge by being tucked up under the foundation. A lining of self color or black satin is advisable for these sections. The rest of the frock is in one piece, with no extra fullness at the hips, as the panels are allowed to loop out between the buttons, and so supply the same quality. A narrow nash belt surrounds the waistline twice.



DISTINCTION IS SHOWN IN THIS PRACTICAL FROCK.

HOW TO SAVE STARCH.
There will be no waste in starch if, while it is hot, cold water is sprinkled over the top same as you would sprinkle clothes. This cools the starch ready for use and prevents the formation of a scum making it possible to use every particle of the starch.

Answers to Queries.

Fashion Editor, Evening World.
I have just finished copying one of your designs, and now I would like another one for my fifteen-year-old daughter. I have three and a half yards of navy, tricotette for her suit, but can find no pattern suitable. I do not want a Norfolk style. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall and slender of build and a brunette.

Mrs. J. B.
Ans.—Black silk, broad trimming, and rose or tan waistcoat, collar and cuffs.

To Miss M. A. T., also Miss G. W.:
Above design is perfectly suitable for you. In a tan suit, cordings could take the place of broad and the vest, etc., could be of Kums-Kums silk.

Fashion Editor, Evening World.
I would be grateful to you for a little help in constructing a dress of some serge of which I have a few yards, and some satin, of which I also have more than two yards. Am forty-five years of age, and would like high collar on it—the rest I have no idea about, only that it must be practical, as it is to wear to town in the spring.

Mrs. P. C. W.
Ans.—I hope this design may please you, as I think you can get it out of your materials.

Fashion Editor, Evening World.
Will you kindly give me a design for a dress of lace as georgette? I have a georgette (pale blue) and want it made with lace somewhat as it is to be worn at a wedding with the bridesmaids wearing lace from the waist down and do not want too decorative. Thank you.

Mrs. J. A. L.
Ans.—Lace flannel, 18 inches deep, draped at each end and connected front by wide banding. The same is draped over the shoulders. A soft bow and long skirt of georgette trim the back.

THE LOVE OF AN UNKNOWN SOLDIER

THE FASCINATING STORY OF A NAMELESS ENGLISH OFFICER'S LOVE FOR SOME AMERICAN GIRL WHOSE IDENTITY HAS NEVER BEEN REVEALED—ARE YOU THAT AMERICAN GIRL?

THE STORY BEGINS NEXT MONDAY ON THIS PAGE

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.
The glass jars that candy comes in make nice receptacles for spices, when labelled present a neat appearance on the shelf.

Save the old socks and stockings. Use them for the mop handle or them together for stove polished scrub cloths.

Tea stains of long standing removed by soaking the cloth in glycerine, then a little later.